

Former Semper Editor,
Lorna Bollman, writes
from California in Next
Issue.

SEMPER FLOREAT

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2?

for short
stories: see
next issue

Record story prize-money

COMPLETE details of
"Semper Floreat's"
1959 short-story com-
petition, offering very
attractive prize-money,
will be given in our next
issue.

The competition, which
will be open to all 7000 stu-
dents of Queensland Universi-
ty, should be the largest this
newspaper has ever run.

The contest will remain
open long enough for all in-
tending entrants to turn in
worthwhile stories.

Watch for full details.

Staff man reports on the Broadbeach conference

FROM JOHN HELMAN

BROADBEACH.—The physical environment of the conference at
Lennons Hotel, Broadbeach, is, to the observer, extremely im-
pressive.

Surveying the participants from the elevated dais, the Chairman (the
Australian Minister for External Affairs, Mr. Casey) and other officials look
down upon the ninety odd delegations arranged around two long tables run-
ning at right angles to the chairman's table.

As each country has (in
most cases) approximately
four other officials in addition
to the main representative
(some countries appearing to
have considerably more—wit-
ness the Soviet Union and the
United States), and as there
were the usual press, obser-
vers, and public galleries, it
will be seen that the confer-
ence was of considerable pro-
portions.

Most used earphones

Most persons present used
the plastic earphones, not
merely to receive foreign lan-
guage translations of
speeches, but also to enable
them to hear speeches deliv-
ered in their own language, or
one with which they were con-
versant.

The impression conveyed
then, was not so much that
of spontaneous and well in-
formed discussion but of a
mere succession of not very
coherent speeches.

However, the importance of
the conference can in no way
be doubted; as the Australian
deputy representative, the
Hon. C. F. Adermann, pointed
out today:

"We are dealing with an
area which in 1940 contained

almost 1200 million people.
Now it has 1500 million — an
increase equal to the total
population of Western Europe.
That is the most dramatic
way of measuring the magni-
tudes with which we are
dealing."

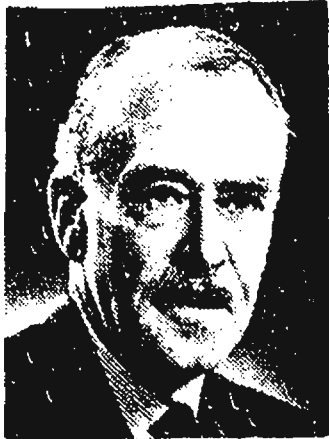
Conference justified

"So that even if all the con-
ference achieves is a fostering
of an interest in the economic
affairs of these people among
the interested nations of the
world, it will have been well
justified.

Article one, section three of
the United Nations Charter
states that one of the purposes
of the organisation shall be

"To achieve international
co-operation in solving inter-
national problems of an eco-
nomic, social, cultural, or
humanitarian character, and
in promoting and encouraging
respect for human rights and
for fundamental freedoms for
all without distinction as to
race, sex, language, or re-
ligion. . ."

To this end, one of the six
principal organs of the United
Nations, the Economic and So-
cial Council, is given powers to
". . . make or initiate stud-
ies and reports with respect to



Mr. Casey

international, economic, social,
cultural, educational, health,
and related matters and may
make recommendations with
respect to any such matters to
the General Assembly, to
members of the United
Nations, and to the specialised
agencies concerned." (Article
62).

This Economic and Social
Council established its Eco-
nomic Commission for Asia and
the Far East on 28th March,
1947, with a membership of
Australia, China, France, In-
dia, the Netherlands, the
Philippine Republic, Siam,
U.S.S.R., the U.K., and the
U.S.A.

Shift has occurred

At the twelfth session held
at Bangalore, India, in 1956,
the Commission noted that a
shift had occurred in its ac-
tivity from fact-finding and
reconstruction needs on the
one hand to analysis, econo-
mic planning, and regional co-
operation.

This, then, is the back-
ground to the ECAFE confer-
ence being held at Broad-
beach this week.

Council enters into the Billy Graham spirit...

UNION'S NEW ACTION CURBS SIN



PROMINENT Evangelist and SCIAES President get to-
gether over the weighty problem.

AFTER the only spirited debate of the ses-
sion, Union Council on Wednesday
night decided to recognise the Society for
Confining Immoral Impulses Among Engi-
neering Students as an associated body within
the union.

Despite a solid feeling among many of the puri-
tans present, no doubt spurred on by the thought
that the Society was thrown out of a Council meet-
ing last October, the motion was carried due to
the impassioned outbursts of a public-minded sec-
tion of the Arts Faculty.

An Engineering conclave,
according to our Religious
Roundsmen, went to the
meeting intent on squashing
the motion again, but they
left before it was discussed,
at 12.15 a.m.

A mistake . . . ?

As a counter-measure, an
Arts group moved that a soci-
ety should be formed for the
"Detection, Reporting, and
Stamping Out of Filthy, Lewd,
and Indecent Remarks about
Arts students." This motion
was convincingly defeated.

Early in the debate on the
SCIAES, Mr. Jeff Rohl, ap-
parently as spokesman for his
fellow greasers, announced
that the whole thing was a
ghastly mistake, and Council
should wipe it immediately.

Mr. Bill Sparkes (Arts
Evening) also spoke against
the motion on the grounds
that the aims and objects of
the society, quite contrary to
being what its name implied,
were to "drink as much beer
as possible in the shortest pos-
sible time, at every available
opportunity."

More immorality

Mr. Dan O'Neill (Arts/
Law) pointed out that the en-
gineers had "found that they
have more immoral impulses

than any other section.

"They say in Melbourne
they don't know what they'd
do without their society."

Miss Joan Lyndon, who has
lost her cigarette holder, then
rose modestly and said that
the society's name was, in
fact, ambiguous.

She suggested, diffidently
but definitely, that the society
was not the righteous body its
name implied.

"On the contrary," said
Miss Lyndon, "I have person-
ally offered to assist engi-
neering students to confine their
immoral impulses (applause)
but was on all occasions re-
jected."

"Shame, cad . . ."

Mr. Clark: "Would you
care to repeat the offer?"
(Suppressed cries of "shame,
cad, fellow," etc.).

Mr. Clark resented the ac-
cusation that greasers were
uncommonly immoral. Pos-
sessed by a totally unwar-
ranted enthusiasm, Mr. Clark
went on to suggest that, in
fact, no engineer had ever
had a single immoral impulse.

"I, personally," said Mr.
Clark, "consider myself a pil-
lar of virtue in the commu-
nity."

Council collapsed in a fit of
hysterical derision.

MANY REPS. LEAVE EARLY

LAST year, many
Union Councillors ful-
filled their onerous
duties in the manner
most adapted to their
abilities by saying "yes"
with frequency and en-
thusiasm.

This year, their
spiritual sons, bound in
the brotherhood of cau-
tion, decadence of an
effete tradition, said
very little and that with
hesitancy.

It was difficult, in
fact, as one surveyed
their earnest ranks, to
resist the conviction that
they were plain bored.

In this we can afford
them a deal of sympathy.

For they certainly
dealt with no agenda of
world-shaking issues.
Furthermore, they had
very little in the way of
eloquence, argument, or
accusation with which
to satisfy their hungry
ears. (Largely, of course,
their own prosaic fault).

Nevertheless, one felt
that the good fifty per-
cent. of them who left
soon after supper could
conceivably have contri-
buted more.

One felt that this was
possibly carrying the
boredom routine a bit
far.

One felt, finally, that
if they had only had one
collective behind, one
would have liked to have
kicked it, bloody hard!

On the whole, the dul-
lest evening we have
spent since Uncle Char-
lie forgot the drugs.

Residual dross

IN retrospect, the rest of the meeting provided a dun-col-
oured background to this sensational pinnacle.

However, in the interests of
truth (which we purvey) we
record below some of the
major minor decisions.

Mr. Hulbert, who has been
associated with student af-
fairs for more than 20 years,
especially as Union Treasurer,
was presented with a gift to
express Council's gratitude on
behalf of the student body.

As the tumult and applause
subsided, Council was let, in
the words of the Hon. Sec.,
into a "big, big secret" which
has been common knowledge
for the last three months.

Princess Alexandra would
probably visit the University
for a short time on Monday,
September 10.

Council concern

Some sections of Council
expressed concern that she
might be surrounded by big-
wiggery to the exclusion of
students.

Other sections felt the
matter to be fairly unimport-
ant.

The whole Council, how-
ever, responded with mer-
cenary joy to the informa-

tion that the Senate might
sponsor and finance a ball
at Cloudland in honour of
Princess Alexandra to which
a limited number of about
1500 students would gain free
admittance.

A difficulty is foreseen in
the fact that the Gundoo
Ball may be booked for the
same date at the same place.

The feeling was that Coun-
cil, without imputing any
derision to the barbarously-
named "Gundoo" confraterni-
ty, should not relent.

The Herston vice-president
(Mr. David Fraser) advo-
cated strongly that Union
purchase a water-cooler for
the dissecting room at Her-
ston.

Mr. Fraser hoped that
Herston reserves would pay
for it.

Then Mr. Clark suggested
that the Medical Society
make its submission on the
matter to the CAC.

Mr. Fraser agreed, and a
motion to this effect was car-
ried.

Orientation Changes — Page 3

THERE ONCE WAS A BOX . . .

JUST inside the Arts entrance in the St. Lucia main build-
ing, there is a box.

In it, in recent weeks, we
have found two chocolate
wrappers, three toffee papers,
three pins, assorted club
blurbs, and seven pieces of
(used) blotting paper.

This is not the box's pur-
pose. It's a Semper copy box
— and so far we have re-

ceived only four letters and
stories dropped into it.

In case its purpose was a
mystery to you: we would like
contributors to drop articles
or letters in the slot of this
box, if you can't leave copy
either at Semper office or
Union office.

SEMPER FLOREAT Editorial TOWN and GOWN

THE controversy on the relationship between University and Town is older and graver than the broken homes of those ancient Oxford students and citizens who first accelerated its tempo by belting each other with cudgels.

Even in this fair city it provides from time to time diversion of a rare, if less rowdy, order.

Students of two years' standing will perhaps remember the Appeals Clause Debate in which more than one learned Parliamentarian felt constrained in all duty to berate us in terms bordering on the libellous.

And all students will of course recall the annual indignation with which the high-minded watch the Commem. Procession from start to finish.

How does this mistrust arise? Partly, it is here submitted, from the public's misunderstanding of the nature of the University.

Two Communities

BY and large, they fail to realize that it is a member not of one, but of TWO communities.

On the one hand it is a part—a financially dependent part—of the economic and social unit in which it is physically present i.e. Queensland, and more particularly, Brisbane.

On the other hand it is simultaneously a member of the large fraternity of universities throughout the world, heir to that common tradition of academic Freedom in whose context they are all bound to the same purpose—the impartial pursuit of knowledge for its own sake.

Now, while any number of our "public figures" will be found to stress the former of these allegiances hardly any seem to be aware of the second, and vastly more important one.

An Impartial Eye

NOR is this the only friction arising from public ignorance of the University ideal. The annual Commem. festivities exemplify another aspect.

By virtue of their membership of a community, independent in respect of its actual object of study from any merely local dependence, students may, and (at Commem.) do, look upon society with an impartial eye.

From this point of view they annually find it wanting, and proceed (with the fatherly assistance of the censorial constabulary) to satirise it. Here again of course is a source of annoyance to those narrow souls who look upon criticism as adolescent impertinence.

Thus, there is reason to believe that the element of discord that may persist in the relations of town and University is largely due to the latter's espousal of, and the former's general misunderstanding of, the traditional university ideal of knowledge. If so, let us continue to incur their respectable odium.

For to compromise with them on these issues is to jeopardise our nobler allegiance.

—IL N'EN COUTE AUCUNE PEINE
DE LIRE CE QUI EST BON, ET DE
NE LIRE QUE CELA; ON N'A DE
MAITRE QUE SON PLAISIR ET
SON COUT.—Voltaire.

At Barker's you will find critical works and commentaries on all the authors to be studied in the French course, also plays, poetry, biography and cheap editions of modern French novels.

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The acrobatic Soviet Man of the month

BY GLEN WILLIAMS

THE "Semper" award for the Man of the Month goes to Niki Krushchev.

This outstanding specimen of humanity has over the last few weeks turned umpteen somersaults, corrected his corrections of previous statements frequently, shown Mr. Macmillan his country lodge, drunk numerous gallons of vodka in toasts to the West, had a severe attack of toothache at a very opportune time, and thrown thousands of troops and tanks around Berlin as a sign of his hopes for a satisfactory conclusion to the Berlin crisis.

Much of this activity was probably due to indigestion caused by Mr. Macmillan's seizure of the opportunity to

regain the initiative for the West in the Cold War.

The British P.M., feeling on top of the Summit at the successful settlement of the Cyprus problem, and with no competition as a result of Dulles' indisposition, at least succeeded in convincing Russian Uni. students that times had changed since Dickens wrote "Oliver Twist."

Results of the talks between these two leaders can only be judged by watching for new developments in the Cold War over the next few months.

Krushchev's statements have been so conflicting that anything could result. His

election speech the other day was certainly not conciliatory, nor his stated intentions on Berlin conducive to ending the Cold War.

The important fact from the Western point of view is that at last the Iron Curtain has been prised open. Reporters have entered the heart of Russian territory en masse for the first time in many years.

The West, through the efforts of "Our Mac", have won back some of the initiative lost to the Russians since the last Summit conference was one hell of a failure.

The West must hold this initiative—particularly at the proposed Foreign Ministers Conference on the Berlin crisis.

Russia is demanding that Poland and Czechoslovakia should be represented at these talks. The presence of these two puppet states—even worse than the yes-men who control our union affairs—will probably be unacceptable to Ike & Co.

Berlin serious threat

But if the West allows these two countries to be represented all the wind will be blown from the Russian sails. Again, Krushchev will be reduced to somersaulting to keep faith with the Russian people.

If these are represented, the voting would naturally be 3-3, and hence deadlocks reached on all questions. So what? If they are not allowed, and the voting is 3-1, Russia still will not hold herself bound by the decisions.

Krushchev's Berlin ultimatum which expires on May 27 is still the greatest threat to world peace. The West must be ready for any eventuality, and must use the Foreign Ministers talks (or Summit talks), to force Krushchev to realise this is the last straw.

John Helman, in an article in the *Fresher* issue, pointed out the need for political theory in Australia. But the greatest need for such a theory lies not at the local level, but at the international level.

The West must have something concrete to offer—the time for being negative has passed.

It is a little late in the day to begin working out a theory to present to African and Asian countries struggling between democracy and Communism.

Positive policy need

But a positive theory of political obligation, and a policy of international help and understanding, must be evolved if the West is to win in the Cold War.

Mr. Macmillan, by wearing a white hat on his visit to Moscow, by speaking calmly yet straightforwardly to the Russian people, by the mere fact that he went to Russia, and by his keen diplomatic sense, has shown the Russian people that we are not all the "illegitimate sons of capitalists."

But still the Western diplomats should gain some practice in gymnastics over the next few weeks so they can match the somersaulting genius of Niki Krushchev.

Letters to the Editors

Political writers "tell State Heads precisely what to do"

SIRS,—Although for the most part in favour of Political Science articles in your paper—they do keep one in touch with world affairs—I fear I must take exception to the manner in which the writers of these articles tell heads of State precisely what they have to do.

Unfortunately John Helman's article in the previous issue does not offend in this respect and he cannot be quoted as an example.

However, I feel sure that in the future—possibly in this issue—a writer will tell the W. diplomats that they must take a firm stand and must not allow themselves to be brow-beaten, etc., etc.

It becomes rather tiring to see Mr. Dulles kicked around like an under-inflated football and the over-inflated Aust. pound cut in two by the scissors of their speech, to see the Corinthian pillars which make up the facade of Government buildings crumble at a stroke of their pen, and revealing public servants shrinking from the sunlight, giving a picture rather like the crust of an ant-bed kicked. (Stop me if I am becoming too verbose.)

(Stop.—Ed.)

THE approach that these writers take rather gives one the impression that Messrs. Menzies, Dulles, Krushchev, Eisenhower, Macmillan, etc., are all waiting with bated breath for what they have to say. So, in conclusion, allow me to say:

Let the patient drum commence its sibilant roll.
Find me pen and ink and heed my words.
For matters of mighty States concern us now.
At each comma let the cymbal sound.
And blare of trumpets mark each period.
For at the commas, States are reshuffled.
And periods accompany crumbled Empires.
Mr. Dulles might be mentioned, for which I think.
The mellow oboe should stand by.
Assign also
Appropriate instruments to all concerned.
And by this means the world may know I write.
Sit up, pause and take due heed.

—JIM SURD.

DEAR Sir,—Ten thousand deep-throated cheers for the statesman-like attack on the new enrolment procedure.

This is undoubtedly one of the greatest evils ever to attack our whole University set-up. The article "Precursors of the Steel Age" should be forwarded without delay to the

New York Times: it deserves a headline position.

The hide of the University! Fancy demanding to know something of the student's past educational history.

Imagine compelling them to actually read directions; and then forcing them to give up some fifteen—or is it twenty—minutes of the busiest time of a student's year, namely the long vacation.

What clap-trap! If the writer considers that a few statistics on a piece of paper degrade a man, I would love to see him go to the tailor's to order a suit.

He would find that such towered sacrosanctity is not catered for. As for getting excited to this degree about enrolment forms, Heaven help us if he ever becomes enthusiastic about banning nuclear tests.

Personally, I enjoyed filling the thing in. I could see where I had gone and where I was going. The only regret perhaps was that with one more piece of paper, postage was slightly higher. —ARTS III.

[My venomous friend, an accident bigger than both of us incurred your titanic wrath. An over-abundance of copy forced us to carve from the enrolment article a paragraph developing the theme of bureaucracy.

This, in the original article, was the "it" which degraded men and women; not the enrolment section. I beg your expansive pardon, but not without warning you to sign your name next time, even if not for publication. You are not the only ornament of Arts III.]

I WAS surprised to note in your October 17th, 1958, issue (Page 6) an article entitled "Six Say 'Faith Works' at U.Q.U."

The last paragraph of this article stated that the Moslem Students' Association had arranged numbers of socials and had done much in arranging celebration for "Mederka" Day, Malaya's National Day.

To be fair to my Committee, the Moslem Students' Association had not in any way arranged celebration for the "Mederka" Day.

To be exact, none of the members of the Moslem Students' Association had helped in the celebration of Malaya's National Day, nor any one of them had been in my Committee.

PHILIP YOONG,
Chairman, Organisation Committee, Malayan Students' Independent Day Celebration Mederka (First Anniversary), 1958.

Arts criticism "unjustified"

DEAR Sirs,—The despised Arts faculty, whose members comprise the third sex, have come in for much criticism over the years.

We can take this; but when some silly obo—called Jacobo—messes up a good article in reply to this criticism, I feel the time has come to make a stand on principle.

In the last *Semper* he placed the cause of some of the troubles on the "legal eagles" who venture into the Arts faculty for a few years.

But in his twisted, prejudiced, pure Arts little mind, he fails to see that those Arts/Law Johnnies are the only people at whom such criticism should not be levelled.

They are the only people in this University with both a course of practical knowledge

—the Law—and mix with it a smattering of the liberal studies—the arts.

Don't you believe that they do it to "tack two more letters on an L.L.B."

Those two letters (B.A.) could mean "Bloody Anything" for all the worth they are to a practising lawyer.

It's about time the Arts students woke up to themselves and by their own efforts show the criticism of the Arts faculty is not justified.

Yours sincerely,
—GLEN Y. WILLIAMS,
Arts/Law IV.

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Failures not all Varsity problem SCHOOLS ARE TO BLAME IN CRISIS

BY JACOBO

THE article by Politicus in the last Semper titled "The Crisis in Our Universities" raises once more the "problem of high failure rates."

He seems to have pin-pointed the reason for this nemesis which annually decimates the fresher hordes by stating that whereas the university assumes that first-years are mature adults, they are little more than de-frocked schoolboys.

After this promisingly sane deduction Politicus then goes on to solve the problem by a few facile changes in the University's outlook.

He converts it into a reassuring continuation of secondary education, so that with term exams, "homework" and eagle-eyed tutors, the student will not feel at a loss for that fatherly authority which formerly regulated his social and academic life.

Why pick on the universities? Should it not rest upon the schools to fit students for the university to accommodate the many servile intellects who enrol every year?

Exams. only aim

Why should the universities be made into glorified secondary schools merely because the secondary schools have failed in their present function—to prepare mature students for tertiary courses?

The cause of this failure seems to be that for too many of our secondary schools, success in the Junior and Senior exams. is their sole aim and their justification in the eyes of the public.

A school's reputation is a very important thing, so public opinion must be pandered to by marshalling an impressive array of A's with not too many gaps in the ranks; for these are regarded as infallible proofs of sound teaching.

No responsibility

The students in these schools are not encouraged to think, but merely to learn off by heart the "right answer" for a "sure question"; extra-curricular reading is not encouraged and the only reason given for study is unfortunately the avoidance of punishment.

Thus they have no personal responsibility — the mark of an adult—in their studies at all. They are told when and what to think. All that is re-

Says Mr. Cicero..

"QUEENSLAND University will definitely win the Philippines Cup this year." This was the reply to your Semper representative when he interviewed Demosthenes Cicero, the Public Relations Officer of the Debating Society.

The Philippines Cup is the Cup awarded to the winners of the Inter-Varsity Debates in August at Adelaide.

"Why?" your Semper rep. asked. "Because," he replied, "at its A.G.M. last Wednesday week, the Debating Society withdrew from official affiliation with the Queensland Debating Union so as to concentrate more particularly on Intra- and Inter-Varsity debating."

quired is implicit faith in their commander.

But as the unadvertised failure of a high proportion of their seven A wonders does not hurt the reputations of these schools they continue unconcernedly to train a new batch of recruits.

Of course this does not mean that discipline is a bad or unnecessary thing, but it should be leavened with partial personal responsibility, at least in the last few years of secondary education.

Surveys should be made into the educational background of those who are un-

able to adjust themselves in their first year. University staff should instruct teachers on their approach to the curriculum, which after all is supposed to ensure the attainment by students of a standard at which they will be fit to cope with University courses and not merely to provide popular publicity for schools.

Politicus' recommendations will remain only expedient short-term policies as long as many secondary schools are not prepared to meet the University at least half-way.

At the present moment, the high failure rate is the University's only defence against the large influx of immature students who threaten to lower its already dangerously low standards.

Minister to examine any claim on higher rentals for Asians

ANY specific complaint of Brisbane landlords overcharging Asian students attending the Queensland University, would be investigated, the Justice Minister (Mr. Munro) said in Parliament recently.

He was replying to a question by the Acting Opposition Leader (Mr. Lloyd).

Mr. Lloyd had asked whether the minister was aware of a claim made in "The Courier-Mail" on February 11 by Mr. V. Lakshman, a Fijian of Indian descent, studying at the Queensland University, that Asian students in Queensland are being exploited by rackrenting Brisbane landlords, who allegedly raise rents by one-third of the advertised rates when they find the prospective tenants are Asians?

He asked, if this was so, would the minister cause an investigation to be made into the allegations in the interests of justice to tenants and international amity?

No complaint

Mr. Munro replied the Registrar of Fair Rents had informed him that the student had not lodged any complaint to the Fair Rents Office, nor had any complaint been received in respect of the accommodation of Asian students.

But he said, if a specific complaint was made, it would be investigated.

Any old blue stockings?

THE Dramatic Society is after old blue stockings. They also need orange stockings, pink stockings—in fact, stockings of all colours.

The stockings, and many other materials are needed for the Society's production of "The Duchess of Malfi."

At present, the Society is engaged in costume making for the play. They also would like old school tunics, old curtains suitable for making period costumes, old dresses, petticoats in satin-type materials, and so on.

These essentials of University costume-making may be left at Semper office (opposite refectory) any time next week.

Mr. Munro added as a general statement that it was not a function of the Government to interfere in a tenant's freedom to choose his landlord nor in a landlord's freedom to choose his tenant.

However, it was recognised in times of accommodation shortage, the freedom of choice of a tenant was limited.

The only real answer was to overcome the shortage.

SCIENCE MEN'S DANCE AT VIC. PK. TOMORROW

THE following were elected to office at the A.G.M. of the Science Students' Association last Wednesday week.

Pres.: J. Jacmon; Vice-Pres.: N. Karp; Asst. Sect.: P. Gudmann; Fresher Rep.: R. Burns; Pub. Off.: P. Newton; Semper Rep.: C. Holland.

The representatives of the various departments have yet to be chosen.

The first function of the Assn. will be a dance at Victoria Park on Saturday, 14th March at 7.30 p.m. For those who are not fond of dancing, there will be other interesting diversions.

As refreshments, etc., cost money, we must regretfully make a charge of 3/- per person for the night, but if you can last the distance, you may well show a profit by the end of the evening.

However, if you are a member of the S.S.A., you are admitted free.

Membership may be obtained at the door.

At S.S.A. functions, members will be granted a discount, so it is in your interests if you belong to the Faculty of Science to join the Assn. and so derive full benefit from this sporting gesture by your Executive.

Two-day Orientation Week from next year

FROM next year, Orientation Week will last for two days.

This was the effect of a motion proposed by the Orientation Director (Miss Jan Pollard) who considered that possible boredom would vitiate any dubious benefits that might be conferred by the longer course.

The existing health programme, by a later motion, was to be deleted from the new two-day course, and to be carried out in subsequent orientations on the days immediately preceding the course.

More accurate books

Union has no idea, Mr. Clark confided, how much it owns, or where it is. This vagueness, Council felt, should be dissipated.

Therefore, it ratified a suggestion that representation be made on behalf of Council to Northern Insurance for a broad valuation.

This would be accurate within £200 or £300, and would cost about seven guineas.



An infra-red photograph of Council during Mr. Clark's speech.

By this valuation, the council books would be put more accurately in order than they are at present under the system of allowing year-by-year depreciation on an estimation made some time ago.

After a vigorous contest, which fortunately did not descend to physical violence, a Commerce student, Mr. Jeremy Grant, was elected convincingly (one might almost say unopposed) to the coveted position of Semper Business Manager.

As such, he falls heir to the laurelled task of managing Semper's business.

Miss Helen Orr, attended by the yells and screams of enthusiastic art-loving Councilors, was ushered unanimously into the office of NUAUS Local Art Director for Queensland.

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**A reviewer
comments on
witches and
whiskers at
All Saints**

Spells and a belle at Dramsoc play

BY PETER COLE-ADAMS

THERE were witches all over the place at All Saints Hall last week. The U.Q. Dramatic Society took the theatre over as the scene for their Orientation Week recruit-raiser—Van Druten's "Bell, Book, and Candle."

This reviewer, who has regarded the society with a jaundiced eye ever since they chose one of Daphne du Maurier's most anaemic gurglings as last year's Intervarsity production, went along without hope.

I now find it necessary to apologise.

The opening curtain went up to disclose Miss Wendy Stephens (in black) carrying on an animated conversation with a cat.

This happy couple was soon interrupted by Mr. Brian Nason (beardless but determined) — smilingly, inevitably, the man upstairs.

From the moment Mr. Nason took up the phone to ring a lady I knew it was going to be all right.

"Darling," he said, "It's me!"

I was further fortified by the arrival of a couple of Miss Stephens' relatives, Aunt Queenie (Wendy Sanders) and brother Nicholas (Ian Oliver).

The truth was, of course, that the whole family were witches (or in Mr. Oliver's case, Warlocks).

Moreover, it soon became clear that the city of London was lousy with the beasts.

However, they were not all experts in the business.

Aunt Queenie, for example, had hardly got past the cauldron in the kitchen stage, while brother Nick, though a likeable lad with a certain talent for walking through locked doors, lacked any real sense of vocation.

However, as witches go, Miss Stephens was a corker.

The first act, which had already supplied many good things, had one more joy in store.

ENTER a moustache, followed almost immediately by Mr. John Atherton Young. Both made for the whisky.

Mr. Young, it transpired, was a sort of literary witch collector who had just completed a book on black magic on the lower Umbopo.

By this time the spells were flying around like bats — doors opened, phones jammed, mystic words were muttered, unpleasant little bottles were brought into play . . .

But the basic plot was simple enough. Miss Stephens, for reasons best known to

herself, had bewitched Mr. Mason.

As the second scene opened we discovered these two engaged in a spirited wrestle on the sofa.

Miss Stephens was winning.

And invisible but unmistakable in the background, the ghost of Henry VIII grinned wickedly at a memory.

BY and large it was an excellent night's entertainment, with slick production, good backstage work, and competent (in some cases more than competent) acting.

Only real complaint lay in Van Druten's tendency to fill in the duller moments in his play with clinches.

While a spot of necking is a worthy pastime, I felt that Miss Stephens and Mr. Nason had rather too much of a good thing.

It is also true that Miss



JOHN Atherton Young, Wendy Stephens, and Brian Nason (from left) in a scene from last week's production of "Bell, Book, and Candle".

Stephens, as a senior witch, could have been more of a shrew, and Mr. Nason could have smiled a little less, and Miss Sanders and Mr. Oliver could both have looked a lot older.

But these were minor faults in a production which was as good as any the society has presented recently.

The tragedy of the evening was that so few freshers came along to see it.

Film Stunts may be impressive, but Smell of Decay in Art Form

BY PROSPERO

IF a man were to engrave the Lord's Prayer on a threepenny bit, create a new record in flag pole-sitting, or recite "Paradise Lost" backwards in Urdu, I should congratulate him on his skill, energy and pertinacity, but that is as far as I would go.

If he asked me whether I considered his achievement both beautiful and interesting, I should have to tell him reluctantly that I did not.

All that is by prologue to an account of my reactions to "Around the World in Eighty Days." What with one thing and another, I did not see this film until only a few days ago.

Having heard and read so much about it, I was expect-

ing something very impressive. And in one way it was impressive.

Here was a film made at unparalleled cost by an unparalleled number of people, with unparalleled technical skill.

No one could fail to be impressed by that. I could not help feeling, however, that there was a lot missing.

The film is, with the exception of two excellent performances by Niven and Cantin-

flas, utterly devoid of artistry.

It has, as someone said of De Mille's "Ten Commandments," everything that money can buy—but nothing else.

Any artistic success is hard to achieve, but it does not follow that anything that is difficult to achieve is an artistic success.

Every artist must be skilful, but every genuine artist uses his skill in such a way that the important thing about his work is its own beauty, that the first thing the spectator says, is "What a beautiful thing that is," not "What a clever man the artist must be."

With a genuine work of art (and, of course, a spectator of reasonable intelligence), the second response will follow the first, not vice versa, as happened with "Around the World."

I have heard it said that with "Around the World", the film has reached its zenith, that after this achievement, the film can do nothing but decline.

I disagree. If "Around the World" is symptomatic of anything, it is symptomatic of decay, for one sure sign of the decay of an art form is the resort to stunts, and "Around the World" is nothing but one long, glorious, expensive stunt from start to finish.

On the other hand, of course, I might have just been in a bad mood.

DARK CONTINENT IS RUMBLING

WHAT with Mr. Macmillan enjoying a holiday in Russia, and Mr. Krushchev having a holiday in East Germany, and the Americans losing their latest space rocket, our newspapers could spare little front-page room for the stirring events taking place in the countries of Central Africa.

Yet these events are not without significance or interest, though most of us know but very little about what is taking place there.

We may have been amazed and shocked by the riots and murders in Nyasaland, but no doubt found the escapades of Juliet Jones much more exciting.

However, right under our proverbial noses is the beginning of what may perhaps be one of the greatest social and political revolutions of the world. The Dark Continent is rumbling in its belly, and is heading towards a new awakening.

The coloured races, under leaders varying from Oxford graduates to illiterate rabble rousers, are starting to realise that they are human beings in their own right, and not just animals at the service of white men.

THEIR realisation is resulting in a tremendous upsurge of feeling which is not so much national as racial.

When Guinea voted against de Gaulle's Constitution, it obtained its independence from France, and the people cried "Vive l'Afrique!", not "Vive l'Guinea!"

The Africans are demanding their independence from their white rulers, and as Nyasaland, Rhodesia, and the Belgian Congo indicate, they are willing to use violence in order to get it.

If independence can be gained by peaceful means, as it was in Guinea in 1957, and as it will be in Nigeria in 1960, well and good, but the hunger must be satisfied.

On the practical side this demand for freedom is unrealistic, and could be disastrous. To take Guinea as an example again, the country has about 200 University graduates, and a literacy rate of 5%, while most of the population has an average income of only £20. But the Africans have no desire to be practical, and after all, didn't someone say that freedom has no price?

Belgium could not prevent the bloody riots in the Congo, despite all the economic aid it poured into the country.

THE Europeans of Africa, of course, are far from happy about all this.

The countries of East Africa, from Kenya to the Union of South Africa, were built by the whites, with black labour, and they are determined to remain in control.

However, the African leaders in the West are talking of a United States of Africa, and, although it may sound like a pipe dream at the moment, it could become

a reality in the future.

Finally, why should we object? The age of colonialism is over, and the idea of white supremacy—the sanctity of the white race—is, to say the least, so much rot. We pride ourselves in being "democratic" and in respecting our fellowman—his right to life and liberty.

DO I hear someone cry that those "dirty niggers" have no rights?

The sad truth is, of course, that with all his democracy and liberal philosophy, the "civilised" white man will always retain the deep-rooted psychological attitude that the man whose skin is of a different colour—particularly if it is dark—is in every way his inferior.

Would you, oh most democratic of all democrats, readily acknowledge a negro to be your equal, or — perish the thought! — your superior?

Or better still, would you willingly allow your child to marry a coloured person?

The Africans may demand (and get!) their freedom and independence—it is nothing more than the simple process of evolution that they should—but they should bear in mind that democracy — like the parliament of South Rhodesia, and like most of its hotels and public transport—is "for white men only."

—POLITICUS.

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"I don't care if they DID dress up as police..."
The Pyjama Party raids: Another interpretation of legal loopholes

BY JOHN FOGARTY

AFTER the "Courier-Mail's" usual open, honest coverage of the pyjama party raids has sharply divided the thinking reading public into an anti-teen-ager faction, I think it time to open another side of the case.

This, though it does not present the teen-ager as pure as the driven snow smirched by the gutter press, nevertheless does not view the police action in a favourable light.

It seems to me that the "Courier-Mail" has taken up arms in vindication of I. Bishop's blitz on breaches of the liquor laws.

Their argument is roughly: We present this wicked teenage behaviour to you (the respectable citizens of this community) to show you how right the good policeman is in stamping out this menace to the flower of our Australian youth.

However, this puts the cart before the horse. It is more correct to say that the enforcement of these laws has produced the situation.

There is nothing the teen-ager desires more than to appear in the paper as wicked and rebellious, and to have his persecution complex catered to by the brutal police.

Prohibition is an incentive for youth

Long before these raids took place, or indeed before the present blitz had started, custodians of the law would drop into a bar and start taking names.

Perhaps the teen-ager felt this as an invasion of his privacy or that he was being chastised while engaged in an innocent occupation.

Whatever the reason, the flower of Australian youth has gathered the impression that the police are out to "get" him.

They lurk in shadows, they travel on fast motor-bikes and employ all their efficient organisation to descend on him like the Assyrian on the feld.

It is little wonder, then, that he feels it a point of honour not to be beaten into submission, and that prohibi-

tion becomes for him an incentive.

Another, accusation which can be levelled at the Licensing Squad is that their raids constitute public interference in matters of private morals.

An assembly of people whose numbers are fixed by the issue of invitations—an assembly in which there are no comings and goings, as there are in a saloon bar or beer garden—may be regarded as a private one.

And any punitive action may be interpreted as a disapproval of the morals of the individual. You might almost say that the State is meddling in the business of the Churches.

And finally, there is the legal aspect of the affair. You have the Police, on one hand, claiming that spirituous liquors and alcoholic beverages are being served in the vicinity of a public dance hall, and the proprietor, on the other, pointing to his bogus invitations and calling it a private party.

It is a case of loophole fights loophole.

A First-Year's View of Orientation

By a Fresherette

IT is, sirs, with some trepidation that I offer my impressions of Orientation Week.

I say with trepidation as I fear the wrath of some hundreds of freshers who maintain that they had a COLOSSAL time during Orientation Week when everything was MIGHTY.

However, there is consolation in the knowledge that a few hardy souls have admitted feelings similar to mine, and I, sirs, was bored.

We arrived feeling terribly adult, eager to enter those sacred halls of scholarship where we were going to Work, Work, Learn, and Learn, Learn, Learn. We had been Prepared.

We knew that ours was a wonderful chance, that with consistent study we would Win a Rich Reward, and we appreciated our opportunity. In fact, we were all ready to be further impressed.

HOWEVER, it is difficult to keep that exuberance of spirits while standing in a long queue, difficult to foster an intelligent interest in surroundings while conscious

only of the burning sun, difficult to give a lecturer, no matter how witty or informative his address, your full attention while the stifling atmosphere of the packed lecture-room makes concentration a supreme effort of will-power.

May I say at this juncture that I heard no strong objections to the various addresses to which we were subjected, though few enthused strongly over them.

It was hardly the fault of the speakers that the audibility was poor at the rear of the tightly-jammed lecture-rooms, and that the ventilation system was obviously either out of order, or hopelessly inadequate.

A glance at the Orientation booklet is startlingly deceptive. It would seem that the days passed quickly as we slipped through the detailed time-table. A delusion, sirs! A mere delusion!

The booklet makes no mention of the hours spent wandering aimlessly or listlessly while waiting for the hour of the next scheduled event to arrive.

PERHAPS, after the first day or so, we should have allowed for this fault. We should have brought something to read, taken up knitting. But we exhibited that curious failing peculiar to humans, and hoped that tomorrow would be different.

PROSPERO

Damn and Blast! They cut out *THAT* word

I HAVE to announce that the dreadful plague of censorship has invaded even this journal of light, liberty and learning.

If you look at my welcome to First Term in last week's issue, you will find the sentence, "Now the senior student, gazing in horror at the new arrivals, tries to convince himself that he was never as objectionable as one of those."

That, of course, is a bowdlerisation of the worst possible kind. What I wrote was "...tries to convince himself that, — though he may have been, he was never as bad a — as that."

Just —, that's all, a word constantly on the lips of the most innocent of our fresherettes, of the most exalted of our seniors.

And yet those —s O'Neill and MacAulay censored my copy. I wouldn't be at all surprised if they did the same to this present paragraph, — them.

I think I shall complain to

the Council for Civil Liberties.

The Editors wish to assure Prospero that they are not so high-minded as to object to his involuntary lapse into the idiom.

Ald. Doyle v. the Gestapo

POOR old Alderman Doyle!

When he accused the Metropolitan Security Service of "acting like a Gestapo," he probably felt that the fact that its members wear uniforms, carry guns and use German shepherd dogs as watch-dogs amply proved his point.

Or perhaps even that did not occur to him.

He may have thought that, as a politician, he was entitled to fling that sort of accusation around without bothering about presenting evidence.

At any rate, it must have been a very nasty shock when two members of the M.S.S. called at the City Hall to hand him a letter giving their side of the question and to invite him to come on one of their patrols to see what their methods really are.

The boys who had too little..

WE'RE gluttons—for copy. We always need more, especially in this magazine section.

If you have any ideas for light, heavy, or other stories, please phone either of "Semper's" Editors, Des MacAulay (XL 4757), or Dan O'Neill (X 3326).

BEING unaccustomed to rational argument, Doyle gave a startled aldermanic cry and ran to consult his great and wise leader Alderman Bennett. Alderman Bennett agreed that this was very shocking indeed.

He saw the two M.S.S. men and asked, on Alderman Doyle's behalf, for the letter. Then, rather inconsequently, he added that Alderman Doyle would not receive the letter.

After further discussion, he told the M.S.S. men that they were wasting public time — a sentiment with which they probably agreed.

They then walked out, leaving their letter with a receptionist, from whom Alderman Doyle collected it.

The whole matter will be discussed at the next meeting of the A.L.P. Caucus when Alderman Doyle will be told what he thinks about it.

Alderman Bennett, who seems to have absolutely no

However, the printer, with other purposes no doubt in mind, thought otherwise.

We hope this explanation has a safer voyage to the presses than THAT word had in the last issue.

sense of humour, told the "Courier-Mail" that an attempt had been made by the M.S.S. to intimidate Alderman Doyle.

At the moment of writing, that's where the matter stands.

I am unable to decide whether Alderman Doyle is unable to think for himself or whether it is simply that Alderman Bennett will not allow him to.

Having heard him deliver a number of election speeches, I am convinced that it must be one or the other.

Worker's slip is showing

ON 30th January, the Queensland branch of the Australian Workers' Union announced its intention of disaffiliating from the Australian Labor Party.

The A.W.U. newspaper, "The Worker," still carries at the head of its front page a reverse reading "The Official Organ of The Australian Labor Party in Queensland."

Perhaps someone should tell them.

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A RETURN TO HISTORY

BY PROSPERO

RECENTLY, I was looking at a copy of Rashdall's "Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages," when I came across the following passage:

"It is curious to observe how universally the fifteenth century is the era of 'University Buildings.' About the year 1440 the Universities all over Europe were endeavouring to provide themselves with buildings of their own."

"It is more than an accidental coincidence that this was about the period at which the Universities began to lose

their independence, and to fall more and more under the control of their respective governments. In their poverty had been their strength."

In other words, he who pays the bricklayer owns the don. Since reading that passage, I have never been able to look at the St. Lucia buildings with the same feelings as I used to.

SEMPER FLOREAT Classifieds

Students may buy classified advertising space at the rate of 2d. a word, or 7/6 per single column inch. Under Union regulations, clubs and societies may have free advertising space, but size of these ads. will be at the Editors' discretion. Phone, write, or call with your classified to "Semper" office, St. Lucia.

BE in it and learn all about it. Men's and Women's Judo tomorrow and every Saturday at 10 a.m. in the George St. refec. Remember, Judo is the sport for all discriminating athletes, so welcome freshers.

TWO Vespa scooters, showroom condition, small mileage. 1956 model, £125; 1958 model, £175. Ring UY 8304 after hours.

ATHLETICS Club annual general meeting will be held next Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. in George St. refec.

BASEBALL Club's A.G.M. in the George St. refec. will be on March 23, at 8 p.m. Freshers welcome.

FOUND fountain pen near caretaker's residence, St. Lucia. Apply Union office.

THERE will be an extraordinary general meeting of the Women's Club on Monday at 1.15 p.m. in the Women's Common Room, St. Lucia.

GRAMOPHONE Society recital at 1.10 p.m. to-day in Room 45. Excerpts from "Swan Lake".

THE A.G.M. of the Women's Badminton Club was held at the Norman Park R.S.L. Hall on Saturday, 7th March. The Officers elected for 1959 were: President, Beris Bush; Vice-President, Pat Bowles; Secretary, Jeanette Townsend; Treasurer, Mary Hale; Semper Reporter, Veronica Evans. Regular practices will be held at the R.S.L. Hall, Norman Park (Tram Stop 24, Bardon line) starting from Thursday, 12th March, at 7.30 p.m.

S.C.M. 1st term programme: Chapel Service: St. Thomas' Church of England, Grey St., South B'n, Fridays, March 13 and 20, 5.45 p.m. St. Lucia: Series of three talks by the Rev. Dr. Robert Pulcher, from London University, titled "I Believe" an introduction to the Christian faith.

These continue on Thursdays 12 and 19, at 1.10 p.m. in Room 81. Devotions are held Fridays 1.10 p.m. in the Geology building. A Freshers Conference on March 21 will be held at the Bardon Community Centre from 10 a.m. to about 8 p.m. Meet S.C.M.'ers at the Bardon Team Terminus.

There will be a Med-Physio conference and a study for Med. School, and a dance.

EVANGELICAL Union. Especially for Overseas Students! The E.U. and O.C.F. invites all overseas students to a car trip to Redlands, leaving the City Hall steps at 1.30 p.m. on Saturday, March 14th. Features include picnic, games, swimming and sightseeing. The cars will return to the city at 5.30 p.m. and then proceed to a barbecue, games and slides at Mr. Walker's, 26 Parkham St., Nundah. Please feel free to come to both or one of the functions. Reply to Timothy Sim or Michael The King's College, Kangaroo Pt. (Ph. 911081) as soon as possible. If unable to reply in time, come all the same.

BIBLE STUDIES: ST. LUCIA: Every Tues., 1.10 p.m., Room 87, Rev. J. Stone, B.A., on 1 Peter.

MED. SCHOOL, Tuesdays 1.10 p.m. Small Lecture Theatre, Rev. W. Sinfield on Ephesians 1-3.

GEORGE ST., Wednesdays 1.10 p.m., Botany Lecture Theatre, with Mr. C. O'Connor, B.E., A.M.I.E.A. Subject: I & II Peter.

ALL Societies and Clubs intending to put a float in this year's procession must give notice of their intent to The Convenor, King's College, St. Lucia, before the 19th March, 1959. No details of the float are required as yet.

G. F. BRAZIER, Convenor.

FOR sale: 1st year and 2nd year supplementary Chemistry sets £7; also Biochemistry II set, £5, both in good condition. Ring 71846.

SELL "F" model Lambretta, good mechanical order, £75. R. Cullinane, Agriculture Dept., George Street.

TYPING done at reasonable price. Phone 913188.

NEXT Friday's Comment. Price has been cancelled.

Timetables

In order to compensate for the loss of Monday and Friday holidays in 1959, the following timetable alterations have been approved:—

Tuesday, 31st March — Friday timetable.

Wednesday, 1st April — Monday timetable.

Thursday, 30th April — Monday timetable.

The attention of second year students due to commence work on 31st March is drawn to the fact that a Friday timetable will be in operation on that day.

C. J. CONNELL, Registrar.

FRESHER'S INFORMAL! WHEN? Saturday, 21st March. WHERE? Mr. O. Porter's, 389 Ferguson Rd., Norman Pk.

★ **TENNIS** starts 2 p.m.

★ **BARBECUE**, 5 p.m. If possible please bring your own meat.

★ **EVENING:** Colour Sound Film, "STONES CRY OUT." A talk by Wally Thompson.

Catch 1.49 p.m. train from South Brisbane to Norman Park, or Seven Hills or Carina Bus at 1.16 p.m., 1.50, 2.9, 4.6, 4.40. Alight at Stop 26, where you will be met. Please feel free to come only part of the time.

Poisoned in Spring Hill—or a Genius?

THE next time you see an Arts student drifting, lost in meditation, down the corridors, or hurrying madly along oblivious of passers-by, resist the temptation to step on him, or squash him under your thumb.

Reflect a minute on the men who have influenced the thought of our age, and see how many of them have had Arts degrees, or have studied some field which deals with human beings.

Think that this person, whatever he may seem to be at the moment, may some day be a Ben Johnson, or a Karl Marx, or a Keats, or a Bergson.

WHAT THEY BECOME

The great distinction between the Faculty of Arts and the other faculties is that it doesn't train anybody for a particular profession; it provides a broadly based course in the spheres of human relationships, from the borderline of science in Psychology and Geography, to the wilderness of conjecture in Philosophy.

Arts students wind up in all sorts of jobs: some, according to a time-honoured tradition, die of alcoholic poisoning in Spring Hill, the unfinished 350,000 word manuscript of "Multitudes", still clutched in their wine-washed hands; some become public relations men or reporters or advertising consultants, but some, the very special some, become historians, philosophers.

ALREADY the first clarion call of the idealists has sounded and the war against Student Apathy begins.

The old slogans are trumpeted, plus a few new ones, if the writer can think of any. The secret of this one, dear freshers, is that it doesn't necessarily follow that

SITTING FENCES —with Daryl Douglas

an intelligent student is always running madly around being unapathetic; so if any wog with untidy hair and clothes, and a smelly pipe to boot, should fix you with a steely eye and demand if you are apathetic, kick him in the shins and tell him to mind his own business.

* * *

FOR some years, the University has had a Tree Theatre quite close to the refectory. It was opened by Dame Sybil Thorndike originally, as a memorial to Prof. Stable, one-time professor of English here; then it was forgotten until last year, when Dame Sybil came back, and frantic efforts were made to have it in presentable shape.

Now it looks a bit like a bora ring out there in a wilderness of grass. However, Miss Hanger of the English Department, is to use it next month for a production of "Love's Labour's Lost," which is, besides an excellent play, just about perfect for all fresco Shakespeare.

* * *

IN the course of the year I will probably be talking about a great variety of current films, books, and University functions, so I assure you that I don't get any side-money for advertisement.

If you hear of anything that you think people would be interested in, let me, or one of the other people on our rag, know.

Almost anything is grist for our mill. You won't have much chance of meeting Des.

because he's rather retiring, but Dan is easily recognisable by the air of cynicism that surrounds him like an overcoat. (Note extreme example of freedom of speech—Eds.). I'm easily recognisable by my weird pipes, vacant stare, and Ivy League cap.

As yet, I don't know my other comrades in sin, so I can't libel them.

* * *

TALKING about the Dramatic Society, the play for first term is supposed to be fairly controversial. Its Jean Genet's "The Maids", and it's about two lesbians and a normal female, though Glynn Davis tells me that actually the play is really about other things, and the characters are just incidentally so.

The trouble with these controversial things is that they are usually quite mediocre as plays, and the controversial element is only a publicity gimmick. Some aren't. The recent British film "The Key" is a case in point.

* * *

WHAT with the Angry Young Men and the Beat Generation all hopeless, but very loudly so, about the state of the world and whatever else they talk about, it's time someone started a parallel movement over here, a sort of refuge for bodgies past their prime and mad idealists, to swing in both the American and the British viewpoints.

Queensland's Cyclone Alley needs Constructive Government Thinking

THE Queensland cyclones bring more than mere destruction: they produce a theatrical atmosphere on the grand scale, which provides welcome relief from domestic boredom.

They bring some small opportunity for heroism and a great deal more for fantasy: they cause journalists to become tearful and make news announcers faintly hysterical.

There is little doubt that Queensland gets a kick out of its cyclones. The weather men watch for them in eager anticipation, and the public watches the weather men.

Several false trails are laid for the imagination to follow before the real drama begins. The actors and their paraphernalia are becoming distressingly familiar — evacuees, "heroic" relief workers, stranded newsmen, swollen rivers and broken bridges, and — starkest drama of all — "silent" towns.

All this, unfortunately, is hardly a suitable atmosphere for constructive thinking and action.

Yet, year by year, the exasperating pattern repeats itself. As usual, the public has fatalistically dipped its hand into its pockets to pay for the performance.

THOUSANDS of pounds in relief funds have again been poured into northern Queensland — and it is on the cards that the whole lot will blow away once more next year.

The fact of the matter is that many of the buildings destroyed in each blow are so flimsily constructed that only a miracle saves them from disappearing on every sea breeze.

Newspaper reports of elderly couples shifting their

"houses" to better locations add point to this.

Until a halt is called to jerry-building on the coast, a great deal of public money is going to be needed to pay for the annual excitement, and the farce will continue.

SURELY a comparative survey of damaged and undamaged buildings would have been an elementary step to take. Reports have filtered through that the measures taken by the Housing Commission to strengthen its own buildings have proved successful.

And recent criticism by a few architects and builders is heartening. But Queenslanders on the whole stir slowly from their mental torpor. (An astonishing number do not avail themselves of insurance).

And as long as the debris is tacked together again in the same old way, the annual spectacle will repeat itself.

The utter complacency about remedial measures is overwhelming. Such criticism is not to betoken a lack of sympathy for those who have suffered in the cyclone disasters.

It is right that generous help should be given to those who find themselves in a situation as lamentable as the newspaper prose which reported it. Nor does it deny that even under the best conditions real losses are bound to occur.

But isn't it time we stopped showing such a fantastic virtuosity in our ability to muddle through?—C.B.

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The influence of the neo-classical composers on modern jazz

BY BRUCE WILSON

I SAID last issue that jazz was developing more and more towards a serious art form.

Jazz itself is barely 60 years old. Its early life was co-incident with the early life of neo-classical composition—that of Stravinsky, Cesare France and Debussy to mention only three.

In spite of the chronological nearness of early jazz to these composers, early jazz players were not well trained musicians and their ignorance of these composers was more by necessity than by desire.

The last fifty years has seen a terrific development in both neo-classical music and in jazz. It is only natural that this common coming-of-age should have made these

two art forms appreciate each other's existence.

Today we see that jazz has adopted many ideas of neo-classical origin, and vice-versa. Bela Bartok wrote a work that Benny Goodman performed; Igor Stravinsky composed for the Woody Herman band; Darius Milhaud taught Dave Brubeck and Paul Desmond. There are many such examples.

More percussion

Conversely, we find neo-classical music adopting jazz ideas, although more along

instrumentation lines than composition. The saxophone is no longer a rare instrument in serious works; percussion plays a bigger part than ever before.

The first appearance of neo-classical forms in jazz was in the harmonic styling of bop jazz. Since then both composition and instrumentation have come under this influence.

But with the advent of cool jazz, a change occurred. The neo-classics became less popular (but still very much there) and jazz "borrowed" some of the original ideas of pre-Beethoven classical music. The two most important and most predominant were the use of polytonal improvisation and the use of the fugue, often the pure Bachian fugue.

Serious threat

These adoptions, while adding new ideas to jazz, have one serious drawback—they arouse a tendency for jazzmen to overuse classical and neo-classical ideas.

Many great jazz players have been guilty of this. Brubeck is one, the Modern Jazz Quartet is very occasionally another. Don Shirley is one of the most flagrant I have heard, along with Guilfrie and celloist Fred Katz.

Soon we will expect a recording of "Le Sacre du Printemps" by the Count Basie band, with Leonard Bernstein



Brubeck

conducting the New York Philharmonic playing "Bernie's Tune", arranged by Elgar, on the reverse side.

All this leads back to the same point. Has jazz a future? Only time will tell this, of course. But this trend towards classical forms frightens many people away from modern jazz, and embitters the traditionalists against it.

Weightlifters active again

NEW members are urgently needed for the Weight-Lifting Club. This sport is excellent for fitness and as a preparation for athletics, football, swimming, and so on.

The club is situated at the rear of the St. Lucia G.P. Hut, and training should begin immediately.

Please contact Bob Walker (55473) if you would like to take part in a healthy invigorating sport. Inter-varsity is in Sydney in August vac and the club must send a team this year.

A keen member, joining now, would have a good chance of making the team.

The Quite American—with apologies to G.B.S.

A FRAGMENT of a

sermon found outside an episcopal vestry by the editors.

"As the enormous audiences drawn to the evangelistic services have been referred to as proof of their efficacy, I will enumerate some of the motives which induced many persons to go. It will be seen that they were not of a religious, but a secular, not to say profane, character.

"Predominant was the curiosity excited by the great reputation of the evangelists.

"The audiences were, as a rule, respectable; and as Mr. Moody's orations were characterised by an excess of vehement assertion and a total

absence of logic, respectable audiences were precisely those which were least likely to derive any benefit from them.

"It is to the rough, to the outcast of the streets, that such awakenings should be addressed, and those members of the aristocracy, who, by their presence tend to raise the meetings above the sphere of such outcasts, are merely diverting the evangelistic vein into channels where it is wasted, its place being already supplied, and as, in the dull routine of work, novelty has a special attraction for the poor, I think it would be well for clergy men, who are nothing if not conspicuous, to render themselves so, in this instance, by their absence.

The Epistle

"Respecting the effect of the revival on individuals.... although many young men have been snatched from careers of dissipation by Mr. Moody's exhortations, it remains doubtful whether the charge is not merely in the nature of the excitement rather than in the moral nature of the individual. Hoping that these remarks may elucidate further opinions on the subject,

I remain, Sir, yours, etc., "S."

—words taken, my dear brethren, from the epistle of George Bernard Shaw to "Public Opinion", April 3rd, 1875, the second to the third,

ROWERS IN TOP TRIM

BY "CRAB"

FOLLOWING the sweeping successes of 1958, members of the boat club have already begun training in an effort to equal or better last year's high standard.

With a solid nucleus of members from last year's senior crew, coach Mr. Eric Evers, is aiming at producing a crew capable of retaining the Oxford-Cambridge Cup wrested from Melbourne University in Adelaide last year.

In the preliminary stages of the training period, it is intended that two eights be trained, at least until Easter, when the State titles will be rowed on the Milton Reach.

Time to win

The crew winning the State race gains the right to represent Queensland in the Olympic test race, to be held in Victoria.

It is high time University regained the State crown, and this can only be done with the full support of, intending members.

Anyone who comes down to the shed, at 5.15 p.m. on week days, 2 p.m. Saturdays, or 10 a.m. on Sundays, will be given a chance to prove himself worthy of a seat in the University Senior VIII, commencing from right now.

Room for freshers

This appeal is directed particularly at freshers who have rowed at school or in class.

There were three freshers in last year's crew, and four in 1957, so don't write the game off as impossible.

Any inquiries should be made c/- Barton Clarke, Secretary U.Q.R.C., 68 2693.

Evangelical Union speaks

WHAT are we here for? Does it really matter?

Whatever your attitude to these questions may hitherto have been, at university you have the best possible opportunity to think again. It is in fact your duty to face them and to arrive at a carefully-thought-out answer.

Quite frankly, we believe that the Christian answer to these questions is the only really satisfactory one. We wish to suggest that it is your duty to stop, to examine again the Christian faith and to make an effort to understand the religion of the New Testament.

If you want to be a student in the fullest sense, then you cannot shut your mind to a faith which, if it is true, is by far the most important thing in life.

Meetings for all

In practice, we suggest that this will mean that you should at least give your Evangelical Union a trial. Make a special point of going to some of the advertised meetings.

You will be very welcome at the various activities of E.U., and we believe that it will be worth your while to continue to attend E.U. meetings. But if you do not get satisfaction for every difficulty from the first speaker, do not be put off.

We would emphasise that the advertised meetings are intended for all students, whatever their outlook. When you receive invitations and see notices of these Christian activities please realise that you will be welcome.

Go to the meetings if only to disagree, because these matters are vital. They are at the bottom of all our thinking and living, and even, when rightly understood, of the way we do our academic work.

No student who is worthy of the name can afford to brush Christianity aside without giving it a fair hearing.

Space will be available for Religious and other bodies on a rotation basis from next issue. Articles, to ensure being printed, should not be longer than that printed above, unless specifically asked for.

University news from interstate and overseas

Melbourne to have latest in libraries

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

MELBOURNE: When the revolutionary new five-floor Melbourne University Library opens early next year, it will offer the comforts and conveniences of ultra-modern equipment which early-day students could never have imagined.

Not only will it be the most modern library in Australia, but for a book-room, which had such a slow start the growth to the new £700,000 block will be a true rags to riches story.

It has grown from a sparsely-stocked library, which had not more than one librarian during the first 50 years of its history, to the present-day study centre equipped with 250,000 books and a staff of 50.

The 90,000 sq. ft. building, includes a basement, book storage and reading areas over six floors, a rare book room, facilities for bindery and hand printing, typing rooms, microfilm room, studies, exhibition areas, a glass enclosed heated planting area for indoor plants, shop window for display of new books, kitchen and buffet bar, intercommunication system, a service and public lift.

There will also be areas of the building available for occasional lectures and exhibitions.

THE new library, the only substantial one built in Australia since the Mitchell Library was completed in Sydney in 1942, is based on U.S. trends.

The whole east side of the building will have a full frontage of non-actinic glass, draped with translucent curtains—the north and west sides will be protected from the sun by adjustable louvers.

All the windows will be fixed and the building will be air-conditioned with humidity control.

Shelving capacity will be increased from 15,000 ft. of running shelving in the 18,000 sq. ft. old library to the 40,000 ft. in the new building.

THE Peking-dominated IUS sent a delegation to the 8th International Students' Conference held in Lima, Peru, late last month, to discuss proposals for co-operation.

The ISC, composed mostly of students from the Western nations, admitted the proposals as an agenda topic.

An Australian NUAUS delegation attended the conference. A report of the conference will be available to Semper by our next issue.

THE East German State Security Service has arrested a group of "counter-revolutionary" students from Dresden, who as a "National Communist Students League" were supposed to have been "using criminal means and methods against the Workers' and Peasants' State". According to the SSD, the prisoners had intended to "undermine the socialistic achievements of the German Democratic Republic through systematic, concerted action, and preparing a counter-revolutionary change".

The Rector of the Institute condemned the criminal activities of this group, which, among other things, had collected weapons, ammunition and explosives for the forceful change of the existing social order.

He demanded a heavy penalty for the prisoners. In a letter received in West-Berlin on February 13, three members of the illegal organisation demanded the freedom of nine imprisoned fellow students.

Chess Club revived

AFTER many years of existence in vacuo a group of keen chess friends have decided to resurrect the Chess Club at the University, this time, it is hoped, on a permanent footing. Chess is the King of Games, and the Game of Kings.

You will be most welcome, whether you be a Fresher or a Senior Student, a beginner or a Grand Master. If you have never played the game before, but are interested, do not hesitate—we will teach you.

The Annual General Meeting of the Club was held at the G.P. Hut, St. Lucia, today, at 1.10 p.m.

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TEA AND GRIT WEEK

TEA AND GRIT WEEK

TEA AND GRIT WEEK

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TEA AND GRIT WEEK

The Smell and Sway of Tea

As you see, my dear little sun-bronzed boosters, we are espousing today, under the angered brow of the most sober Snopes, the narrow ideals of the pop-eyed capricious and bluenosed wowsers.

(May they all dehydrate!) So, putting the whist on the ice for the moment let's get on with this hypocritical thing.

Note above. O Snopesian scum, not "fragrance" or "odor" or milk-sop "perfume", but flat honest nostril-knocking "smell"—the word smelling with the blunt attack, the bold assault upon the whole nose, the filling of the head with the swirling pungent vapours and the rock of recovery as the ugh-like liquid splashes its first hot wave against the shaking tonsils. Has it an equal?

Ask Lipton, ask Bushel, ask anyone but the Americans (who drink coffee, merely out of a petty remembrance, an exalted historical spite against our beloved tea, and who show the bad effects periodically in a kind of national indigestion e.g. Hiroshima, John Foster Dulles, Time Magazine)

Truly, all unbiased men will vie in extolling tea



(eh Snopes?), and that not guardedly or with one ear to the ground as it were, but in a frank, open, manly spirit, the manner in which a man might admit himself a disc-jockey in America; a civil servant in England; a lover in France or a bankrupt punter in Australia.

YEA verily, tea is to be found in the hearts, minds, and digestive tracts of all men!

Women likewise of every creed and brand of lipstick grip the ubiquitous cup-handle and swirl their Snopesian till.

Oh! Tea! Tea the Great Leveller: The beloved tyrant, god and slave at once of the human race!

But if tea gathers so diverse a congregation of individuals to its service, its sociological

Addled announcer

Philosophical gem from a Brisbane disc jockey, heard one afternoon this week: "... these pictures will never be forgotten by those who remember them."

Authorised by D. P. P. O'Neill and D. J. MacAulay, c/- U.Q.U., University, St. Lucia. Printed by "Truth" and "Sportsman" Ltd., 307-373 Brunswick St., Valley, Brisbane.

impact is no less great. For tea, as no other commodity, may make its mark on nations themselves.

From copious examples I select a few at random. Tibet—Tea rivals the Lania and the llama (both of whom drink it deeply) as the symbol of Tibet. Surrounding itself with elaborate, silvered ritual it has formed in no small measure (God forgive it) the British character. The mighty Empire, from the paddy fields of India to the Paddy bogs of (Northern) Ireland, from the rocky mountains of Canada to the mountainous rocks of South Africa, was sustained in its greatness by strong black Tea, what else?

SNOPES: "What about Australia, eh?"

I admit, Snopes, you suspicious little toad, I have expected Australia from the above nostalgic catalogue, but only to accord it pride of place. For there is no mightier tribute to tea than that, unmistakably, Asiatic as it is, its innate beauty and politeness have paralysed the fearsome White Australia Policy into bewitched abeyance. And by now tea is as Australian as ignorance itself.

O Tea, Tea, Tea! What nation rises to greatness without it (America, as Snopes will tell you, is a mere pigsty of sin), or succumbs to barbarism under its sway?

What benevolent ruler has supplied it not in vatfuls for his subjects, stored it not against the morrow. In

Surfers' Paradise. the "Gomorrhah of Tomorrow"

THE FILTHY RICH—as seen by two American Billionaires...

FINDING myself recently in the main street of Surfers' Paradise, "the Gomorrhah of Tomorrow" (as my friends at the Tourist Bureau put it), I had occasion to reflect on the rich.

How, I asked myself, as I marvelled at that lobster-tinted acreage of fat and its companion-waddle of high-pitched female, how did these people, ostensibly little more than cretinous show-offs, secure their position of respect and devotion among ordinary men?

And troubled with this difficult question for the rest of my sojourn at the shrine, it was with some relief that I eventually consulted that well-loved stock exchange classic "We Ain't No Bakers, but, Boy, We got Dough!" by the famous American billionaire brothers U. and I. Vulgarsotz.

AS it may not have excited in this apathetic and as yet unofficial backwater of the U.S. the warm feeling that marked its arrival, mid scenes of spontaneous revelry, on Wall Street, I might well summarise its content here.

nationwide barns? Of which really great statesman has it not been the constant delight and unwavering support?

It is the degrading Vodka of Russia, you will note, and the contemptible "cawfee" of America that are unsteady us on the brink of the Nuclear Abyss, not tea, never tea, the true guide and counsellor of men.

O, that Summit Conferences might be flooded with the sobering, civilizing, pacifying influence and fluid of Tea! Tea, the Averter of Catastrophes, the Ultimate Hope of the World. Tea, Tea, Tea. Tea (and to introduce, for filthy little Snopes, the enthusiastic note) Teeeaaa! Your's in a great river of grog.

FRIAR JOHN.

It is a typical success story told in a style of engaging simplicity.

Well illustrated with figures and (in later sections especially) photographs of boot factories and steel foundries, it relates with colloquial force how the Vulgarsotzes rose gradually from poverty to decency, from an unprofitable integrity to the respect of all their fellow-men.

£ £ £ £



ONE of the Vulgarsotzes as a young man.

But the savour of their stern saga can best be conveyed by quoting their own unique words. "We was," they begin, "just a couple of bums, knockin' round the pool-rooms, oglin' the broads from the gutter, not knowin' nothin' from nothin' when, Zowie, comes this old guy along with an armful of vegetables he's deliverin' for this crummy store."

"WE'S just tryin' to knock his lid off with rocks when one of us gets this big idea. So we front up to the

old gawd-help-us and we says:

"Hey! Youdereguy! Hows-about a game of crap to see who gets those carrots and all?" Then this old guy gets real down scared because... (oh, we forget to tell yer, if he didn't gonna play crap we's already told him "We'll carve yer goddam guts up").

"Well, him not bein' so keen on a carved-up guts, we suggest he gives maybe a dollar instead. O.K."

"Then we gets smart and we gangs up on old phonies all over Chicago till we get about a hundred bucks."

"Then we works the stand-over racket along the groceries and we bust into the used car game and soon we can go respectable 'cause we got our first million."

£ £ £ £

"WE switch over to makin' guns and bullets, of course, just before the first World War and, come 1920, we's already pushin' culture like we was highbrows (which, despite appearances, we ain't, but it's good for business and anyhow we're hitched by this time to these English dames whose father's one of them dukes and the whole goddam family's zany on Shakespeare and orchestras naturally).

"Also we're playin' this charity gimmick by now too, savin' the hell out of taxes with sinkin' billions into what they call the Vulgarsotz Foundation. Brother, you ain't livin' till you seen this fancy buildin' they made..."

From here, with a fluency bordering on the lyrical, the brothers go on to relate how they eventually control the economics of a dozen small European republics, engineer in large part the Second

World War, and subsequently finance nuclear experiments on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

After the customary claim to own all the oil deposits on the moon and half the fertile soil of Mars, the book closes with a short epilogue entitled "Youse can All be Like Us."

In this section they develop the theme that, under it all, they are just plain American boys with no fancy notions of themselves and a perfectly normal sex-life.

£ £ £ £

This truly human document has fully answered my questions; rich in examples of initiative and hard work, it can be of great moral value to poor persons and other social degenerates.

Indeed, it is with an almost swaggering confidence that I recommend it to student and professorial life alike.

It will, I feel sure, sustain you in many a cheerless period, and not infrequently Point the Way when all else fails to guide.

FRED SURD.

Bottoms up to you, too..

Clothilde, Darling!

Have just read your sparkling (just like bubbly) review. It was just too much, really it was.

I simply just had to dash this note off to you. I have been using your perfectly wonderful little mag (Semper something, isn't it?) for years now, and it thrilled me to see your little bit. Such femininity. And oh, so refined, so delicate! It was gorgeous of you to be so kind to us. And all those delightful French pieces. They make English seem so dull, don't they? But you really can't imagine what we go through. Positively not, my dear. And oh, these boorish audiences can't possibly realise what we put up with.

These ballet tights are really tight. Once when I was tight down at your perfectly Gold Coast (C'est tres en-chante) I wore them to a pyjama party and (sacre bleu) was arrested for indecent suggestion. It was all perfectly horrid. The policeman was very nasty about it. But, my dear, you mustn't breathe a word of this to the public, dear me, no! They're very fussy about artist's morals. It's really sweet of them to keep us so clean-living. But must fly now, really must. Well, darling, hope to put you and your exquisite little mag. to lots of future use.

So, as WE say in the corps de ballet,

"Bottoms Up."

Yours twirly,
Robert Helplady.

Science appeal

THERE are now 782 students in the Faculty of Science, so that the S.S.A. should be one of the strongest student bodies in the University. To establish this position, however, the S.S.A. needs the wholehearted support of every Science student.

I appeal to all Science students to join the S.S.A., for by helping your Association you will be helping yourselves.

F. N. LAHEY,
Dean, Faculty of Science.

Wenchy peasants, slinky sophists: They all have the dark-eyed craze..

Sun-glasses for Pseudos (Or, it would never do for Bardot)

By J. B. Caulfield

YA know, it's funny how I come to keep thinkin' about them glasses, specially when there's variety slobos about.

But ya see, I used t' go t' this club. They had this 15 stone blonde, and she'd come on stage wearing these sun-glasses and sing "Why not take ALL of me?" It was terrific!

Boy, could she shimmy-shimmy! And all these variety types would come for miles and sit round and drool. It killed me t' watch 'em.

Moths and matadors

The men looked like women and the women looked like men. I'd watch them for a while and then I'd get so damn sick, I'd go to the wash-room and puke.

But, boy, were those dame's sun-glasses effective. It was the funniest thing.

* * *

SINCE then, it's sorta stuck in my mind.

And that's why I keep my eyes peeled on those dolls who wear sun-glasses.

And, ya know, I've managed to classify 'em. They run in groups, just like sheep.

First, there's these wenchy-lookin' peasant types,

They look like underfed B. Bardots — except for a few minor details. They get this real "natural" look — it only takes about four hours.

Ya know, it's real earthy, reminds ya of cows and pigs and all that country stuff.

Then there's the sophistic. Boy, are they slinky, slinky as hell. They're so slinky that I practically stepped on one the other day.

Of course I'm gonna complete the plot with psychology and Freud and things like that. Ya can't afford to be simple these days, gawd no.

What's a character without complexes?

Any way, it's about this dame and she's in love with this big Union Man. And one day she catches him horsin' around with a waitress, and she gets so jealous she stabs him to death with these sun-glasses.

* * *

Then she wears these

glasses around with the blood

They know all about Mr. T. Williams and Marys and things like that. They hang round the refectory and look bawd with everything.

Of course we have our film-stars, too. Their specialty's a great cigarette holder about a foot long. They float round like moths with portable antennas.

She calls him "Mar-lon." Has a half-sister in the "actress" type but they're not really compatible.

And here's the Freudian twist. Well, this African wart-hog says that HE won't have nothin' to do with her because HE KNOWS she murdered a Union Man and HE SAYS that all Union Men are his brothers. And HE oughta know.

(The author offers a prize to the first female student to deposit in Semper office the corpse of one big Union Man done to death with sun-glasses. Consolation prizes offered for Dramatic Society corpses.)

and gore still on 'em. It's part of the disguise (the Native Look). But there's this real suave cop (he's as suave as hell) and he goes to work on this doll.

They're always having these terrific dialogue exchanges, full of whatfors and whynots.

But here's where the complexes come in. The doll finds out that she was never really in love with this Union stiff, but she's really in love with this big black African wart-hog that wallows in this mud pit down at the zoo.